



Black



poetry **dark** **lonely**

240 26 15

Chapter 1 by Brye Gentz

I was once in my blackest black
Where dark themed memoir exists
Reigning a life amidst despair
Putting up a hope I can't suffice.

Colours of the forlorn were eyes have seen
With crystalline liquid that's within.
Flowing like a river in the days of storm
Towards end of the everlasting

Chapter 2 by Japhet

The desolation chokes, lest I see light
Little crevices offer no comfort
Creaking wood ports offer no support
Little step I take, leads me down flight

My heart gone bad
My mind bleak
My soul magnet
My body lost

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Chapter 3 by A Sv



Once an optimist
Nihilism chokes my head and heart
The meaning I once grasped lost
The joy dead

Maybe one day I'll be awakened
But for right now
I'll stay where I am...
In the folds of the dark curtain

Chapter 4 by Vanilla



Oh, there! A ray of light,
A ray of hope, golden bright
I scramble towards it, crawl,
But, one step ahead, I fall.

This is darker than before,
Black and deep to the core
My soul is now numb
Waiting for more to come.

Chapter 5 by writer067



I am here.
Asking, why?
Holding back the tears,
Trying not to cry.

Why did this happen?

...and more...

...and more...

...an infant does

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I cannot breathe.
Every word I write,
Leaves me in spasms
of agony at first light.

I want to leave,
I want to shout.
I want to go,
I want out.

But where would I go?
Who do I know?
What would I do?
This is all out of the blue.

Where would I go?
To the sea.
Who do I know?
I know me.

Chapter 7 by Laurel



Mirror shard, broken mind,
My sanity, I cannot find.
Look at the sea, it stares at you,
Look at the sky, such a deep blue.

Cold metal rest against flesh,
Used to thresh,
The feeling from the body,
And the love from the soul.

What can be done, to stop the pain?

Look at the sky, it stares at you.

Any more I ever could need.

You can finally see everything.

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Can you feel the sky above,
Soul taking flight like a dove,
Everything is grey,
Till the end of the day.

Chapter 8 by Erika Logofet



My soul shrinks when I see the sun,
It reminds me how long I have been here.
It feels like it's still day one,
Of this never-ending nightmare.

I hear something in this pitch dark maze,
It calls me every day.
Taunting me to burn
Myself, my soul, my life ablaze.

But something takes over my mind.
Maybe curiosity? Stupidity? Ignorance?
My body walks to the sound.
It gets louder and louder and louder.

I see a light.
I don't feel alright
I fall to my knees, collapse.
I start sobbing.
I bang my head on the ground,
Over and over and OVER.
I feel like a puppet.
I'm not in control of my actions.
I tense.

End of the book

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The last song of heaven

Wanderlust in time

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Have all these years I've been writing

FOR NOTHING

I feel a shock of realization

I grin.

I won't leave.

For I am.

The.

Grim.

Reaper

the end

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